

"THE TRUTH SHALL MAKE YOU FREE."—CHRIST.

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JOHN BIDDLE, ONE OF THE UNITARIAN MARTYRS.

"Others had trial of cruel mockings and scourgings, yea, moreover of bonds and imprisonment—of whom the world was not worthy."—*Hebrews.*

JOHN BIDDLE was born at Wotton-under-edge, in the county of Gloucester, in the year 1615. His parents were respectable and pious. After he had received the rudiments of a good education at the Grammar School of his native town, he proceeded to the University of Oxford. Here he prosecuted his studies with so much assiduity and success, as greatly to promote his own reputation and the credit of the University. That liberal tone of thinking which led him, at a later period, to scrutinize and impugn popular errors, began to evince itself during the progress of his college studies; for we are told that "he did so philosophise, that it might be observed he was determined more by reason than authority." This is at once the evidence and the just eulogium of an original mind; and in the days of Biddle was a faculty as rare as it was invaluable. In 1638 he graduated B.A., and assumed the office of a tutor in the University, which he filled with singular efficiency. A short time after, he accepted an invitation to become the master of the Grammar School, in the city of Gloucester, in which station, also, he acquitted himself so admirably of his duties, that parents who had the opportunity of committing their sons to his direction, congratulated themselves on their felicity.

In this situation, Mr. Biddle found leisure to follow the bent of his mind. He devoted himself, with all his characteristic moral ardour, to the study of the Scriptures. These holy records, without any other aid than is afforded by purity of mind, and fervent prayer for divine

illumination, and the dictates of a well disciplined understanding, he made the sole criterion and measure of his creed. This is the proper method of procedure. —We fear that even men whose general principles are deserving of high respect, act erroneously in this matter. They denounce the authority of Popes, but they are enslaved by commentators. The decrees of councils, with them avail only as so much musty parchment, but the opinions of Grotius, or Priestley, or Cappe, are of paramount authority. The evils which result from this undue confidence in human judgment, are so numerous, that we cannot permit ourselves to enter upon the statement of them at present. We recommend the practice and the advice of John Biddle to all those who read a comment before they read the Bible, and who tremble to enunciate an opinion which a high or a low Dutch theologian does not sanction. "If thou, Christian reader," says Biddle, "dost from thy heart aspire to the knowledge of God, and his Son Jesus Christ, wherein eternal life doth consist, fetch not the beginnings thereof, either from Socinius, or from his adversaries; but closely apply thyself to the search of the New Covenant, and make no doubt but the true light will at length illuminate the eyes of thy mind." So faithfully did Mr. Biddle himself pursue this plan of investigating divine truth that he derived all his learning in matters of religion from the study of the Scriptures, with which he was so conversant, that he retained them all in his memory, word for word, not only in English but in Greek, as far as the fourth chapter of the Revelation. The result, of his scriptural enquiries was his disbelief in the doctrine of the Trinity. *To this conclusion he came without having seen any Unitarian publication.* This is not a solitary case. In-

stances might be multiplied, both of lettered and unlettered men, instances many are recorded, others that have come under the writer's own knowledge, in which the same results have attended the same process.

The truth which Mr. Biddle had discovered, he deemed his duty to communicate.—Hence he was led to propound and defend his opinions, in the course of ordinary conversation. This disclosure of his thoughts soon inflamed the minds of some zealots.—The cry of heresy was raised against him, and its voice sank not till its victim was laid in his tomb. He was summoned before the magistrates; but, after some considerable harrassment, was permitted to retire. By no means discouraged by the interference of insane zeal, nor intimidated by the storm which he saw gathering in the distance, he adopted further measures for the dissemination of his sentiments, and put into the hands of his friends a paper, in which he clearly and fully refuted the opinion of the Deity of the Spirit. This paper was communicated among others, to one who betrayed the confidence which Mr. Biddle reposed in him, and who, instead of admitting the cogency, or exposing the fallacy of the arguments which it propounded, was so ungenerous as to denounce him to the magistrates of Gloucester, and to the Committee of the Parliament that then resided there. This specimen of the fruits of orthodox zeal, however disgraceful, is not worthy to be mentioned with another instance, which we shall presently adduce. In consequence, however, of this information, Mr. Biddle was committed to the common gaol. The commitment was peculiarly cruel and afflictive, for he was, at the time, ill of a dangerous fever. The design of this imprisonment was to secure his person till the Parliament should take cognizance of the affair; but the severity of this proceeding was mitigated by the compassion of a friend who procured his enlargement, by giving bail for his appearance whenever the Parliament should see fit to call him to their bar. About this time, the very learned Archbishop Usher passing through Gloucester, made a vain attempt to change the opinions of Mr. Biddle. Six months after he was set at liberty, he was summoned to appear at Westminster, and

the Parliament immediately chose a Committee to whom the cognizance of his cause was referred. During the space of Sixteen months, he was harrassed and wearied by tedious and expensive delays.—Seeing no probability of procuring a decision from his judges, as a body, he addressed an affecting expostulation to one of the Committee, Sir Henry Vane. The result was, that Mr. Biddle was committed to the custody of an officer of the House of Commons, and was continued under restraint for the five following years. In the mean time the matter was referred to the Assembly of Divines, then sitting at Westminster. He now published his arguments against the Deity of the Spirit, with the view of exciting enquiry and eliciting truth. The publication of this tract raised a great alarm, and it was ordered to be burned by the common hangman. In 1653, our author reprinted this piece, with two other tracts, and whilst he was yet in prison, he published also a Confession of Faith, in which he disproves the doctrine of the Trinity, and exposes its baneful effects.

The rancour of his enemies was now raised to a pitch beyond endurance. The Westminster Divines, instead of applying themselves to the refutation of his sentiments, endeavoured to destroy him by an *ex post facto* law. Holding in their practice the expedient doctrines, that the end sanctifies the means, they applied to the civil power, and supplied the defect of their own intellectual insignificance, by recourse to its commanding terrors. Accordingly, they solicited the interference of the Parliament, and prevailed with it to pass an ordinance, which comprises the very essence of the mercies of Calvinism. Will the reader believe, that, through their influence, the pains of death, as in case of felony, were denounced against any one who should presume to think differently to them on religious topics! Yet this was the case. In every discrepancy of opinion which they deemed material, death was the punishment: but in their great love and pity, if your heretical pravity related only to smaller matters—such as maintaining the horrible doctrine, that all men should be saved; or, that the soul sleepeth after the body is dead; or, that baptizing infants is unlawful; or, that man is

bound to believe no more than his reason can comprehend;—then you were liable to imprisonment till you would give adequate surety that you would renounce any such abominable errors! The enumeration of the opinions condemned by this ordinance, is so minute, and full, and pointed, as no pretension to infallibility could make more explicit, no instrument of bigotry more vexatious, no decree of Councils, nor bull of Popes, more dogmatical and authoritative, and few more sanguinary. And, as it were, to put the finishing touch to this engine of ecclesiastical cruelty, the constitution of the country was violated, for the accused was allowed neither the liberty of appeal, nor the privilege of a jury! So true was the remark of Milton, that “New Presbyter, is but Old Priest writ large.” This ordinance, which was but one out of several public acts that breathed the same intolerant and cruel spirit, failed to effect all that was expected from it. For the army, both officers and soldiers, were, in considerable numbers liable, liable to the severity of this Act, through their heretical pravity in some one or other of its proscribed doctrines. This circumstance prevented the Parliament from putting their sanguinary enactments into execution. Nor were the Parliament themselves of “one heart and one mind.”

On the accounts, the ordinance did not, as was expected prove fatal to Mr. Biddle. The blow which was aimed at his life, failed to reach him; yet he suffered for several years the miseries of a severe imprisonment. The death of Charles I. mitigated his sufferings; and Cromwell caused the repeal of all the penal laws relating to religion. In consequence, Mr. Biddle’s keeper allowed him more liberty, and permitted him, upon security being given to go into Staffordshire.—He was soon traced to his retreat, recalled, and more strictly confined. During his imprisonment, he was held in abhorrence on account of the charges against him of blasphemy; and for fear of incurring the same odium, people abstained from evincing towards him any attention, which might have lightened his captivity. Thus was this upright servant of God cut off from all the intercourses and endearments of life. Thus bigotry cancels the bonds of society, and heretical pravity—which

means, your opinion and not mine—is regarded as more criminal than the most heinous act of immorality!—A robber and a murderer is treated according to the rights of humanity, and is indulged with the visit of pity and condolence; but the Christian professor—acting in the very spirit of his Master—pines away unpitied and alone; and no eye of those who pretend to visit the prisoner, looks on him; and no orthodox charity is found large enough to extend the hand of compassion. But so it is, that the cup of which the sufferer for righteousness’ sake partakes, is mingled of every bitter ingredient—that his faith may be tried—his virtue exalted—his love of truth exhibited as rising superior to every difficulty.—In the experience of Mr. Biddle, poverty was added to imprisonment and the neglect of his fellow men. To such indigence was he reduced, that he was glad when he could procure for his morning and evening meal, a draught of milk from the cow. In the year 1651, Mr. Biddle was restored to liberty; and he immediately, nothing dismayed by past endurance, opened a place for public worship. So much did it cost to commence the first Society in England, who worshipped in purity the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ. Let the sacrifices of Mr. Biddle shame some of us, who, while we live in the possession of the truth, will not so much as move a hand to disenthral our oppressed brethren. Mr. Biddle began again to avail himself of the press, in order to promulge the truth, and published two catechisms. These alarmed the advocates of Orthodoxy. Forthwith, severe proceedings were commenced against him. He was brought to the bar of the House of Commons, committed a close prisoner, and forbidden the use of pen, ink, and paper, and denied the access of any friend. In this case, a capital judgment was expected; yet Mr. Biddle preserved a composed and cheerful mind, and trusted in the God of Truth.

His trust did not fail him; for the Protector dissolved the Parliament and, in consequence, Mr. Biddle was set at liberty, after ten months’ imprisonment. The author had escaped, but his enemies could not endure to see works in circulation which they could not answer; and accordingly, procured an order that they

should be burned by the hands of the common hangman. Most men would think that Mr. Biddle might, with all propriety, at length retire from the unequal contest.—Such, however, was not his own sentiments. Mr. Biddle was indefatigable to promote, by every means, the doctrine according to godliness. Amongst other methods, he met in public dispute a Mr. Griffin, a considerable part of whose congregation had already adopted his views. Mr. Griffin was worsted in the argument; and another day was appointed for the resumption of the debate. But before that day came, it was found convenient to resort to other measures, for silencing this champion of truth. The adversaries of Mr. Biddle seized the open avowal that he had made of his opinions in the late debate—information was lodged against him—he was apprehended, and placed in the Compter; hence he was removed to Newgate, and was, at the next sessions, called to trial for his life, on the ordinance which we have before mentioned. The iniquity of this proceeding was monstrously aggravated by its being founded on an Act which had never properly received the force of the law, and had for years lain obsolete. But the inveterate zeal of prosecutors is alike forgetful of mercy and equity. Nor, that the turpitude of his wretched enemies might be of the blackest die, was he allowed the assistance of counsel, till after he had made the most strenuous exertions. But Cromwell was an enemy to persecution; he, therefore, took Mr. Biddle out of the hands of the law. The hatred of the enemies to religious liberty, however, was so strong, that Cromwell was obliged to continue him in prison. Petitions poured in upon the Protector, reprobating his lenity, and praying the execution of the law, till, at last, hoping to terminate the affair, he banished Mr. Biddle to Scilly. Disagreeable and afflictive as must have been this state of exile, it was at least an asylum from the vindictive spirit of his enemies. During the period of his expatriation, he enjoyed the divine and sacred pleasures of piety and holy meditation. His mind daily became more spiritual, and his views of evangelical religion more enlarged and definite. At length the Protector caused him to be recalled and set at liberty.

Mr. Biddle, as if to show that his mind still bore up, not bated one jot in heart or hope, published, on his return, his "Essay to explain the Revelation." Still did he feel the firmness of his mind, his unconquerable attachment to truth, his steady and ardent zeal. He resumed his religious duties as a minister of Christ. Various and harrassing, however, were the molestations that he had to endure; till at last, in June 1662, he was hauled from his home, and, with some friends, committed to prison, without the liberty of procuring bail. After much harrassment, they were brought to trial.—Each of his friends were fined in the penalty of £20 and Mr. Biddle himself in £100 and they were ordered to lie in prison till the fines were paid! In less than five weeks, through the noisomeness of the place, and the want of air operating on a constitution which orthodox rancour had already impaired he contracted a disease which threatened his life. And so unrelenting is bigotry, that Mr. Biddle could not procure the liberty of a short relaxation of his sufferings in order to recovery. He was doomed to remain in prison; and on the second day after, between five and six o'clock in the morning, the 22nd of September, 1662, he died in the forty-seventh year of his age. Thus terminated the days of one who was cruelly tortured through life, and cruelly, at last, brought prematurely to his tomb by infuriate bigotry. The manner in which he met his dissolution proved what he had before asserted to his friends—that he had brought himself, by frequent meditations on the resurrection, and on future happiness, to look on death with contempt. He had often, before this fatal illness, intimated his assurance, that if he were again cast into prison, he should never leave it alive; yet did he continue to maintain the contest against error and bigotry. Nor was he dispirited at the thought of his approaching dissolution:—"The work," he said, "was done." He had borne his testimony, it only remained for men to avow the truth—he had disclosed the truth, men might rejoice in it—he had seen its dissemination—he trusted in God, that the light would never be extinguished. No! thou illustrious martyr, the light that thou didst kindle in these kingdoms has not become dark-

ness. Like the rising sun, it has shone brighter and brighter, and will gather splendour and energy till the perfect day. Thy voice proclaiming the gospel of peace—the God of love—finds an echo in many a heart in this our land—reverberates on the shores of the Atlantic and on the banks of the Ganges, emancipates the captive and confounds the gainsayer. May we feel thy spirit, and emulate thy zeal, content to bear thy reproach, and glorying, if peradventure we may secure thy reward!—*Christian Pioneer.*

BUILDING ON THE SAND.

BY ELIZA COOK.

'Tis well to woo, 'tis well to wed,
For so the world has gone
Since myrtles grew, and roses blew,
And morning brought the sun.

But have a care, ye young and fair,
Be sure ye pledge with truth;
Be certain that your love will wear
Beyond the days of youth.

For if ye give not heart for heart,
As well as hand for hand,
You'll find you've played the 'unwise' part,
And "built upon the sand."

'Tis well to save, 'tis well to have
A goodly store of gold,
And hold enough of shining stuff,
For charity is cold.

But place not your hopes and trust,
In what the deep mine brings;
We cannot live on yellow dust,
Unmixed with purer things.

And he who piles up wealth alone,
Will often have to stand
Beside his coffer-chest, and own
'Tis "built upon the sand."

'Tis good to speak in kindly guise,
And sooth where'er we can;
Fair speech should bind the human mind,
And love link man to man.

But stay not at the gentle words,
Let deeds with language dwell;
The one who pities starving birds
Should scatter crumbs as well.

The mercy that is warm and true
Must lend a helping hand,
For those who talk yet fail to do,
But "build upon the sand."

TEMPTATIONS IN REVIVALS.

BY REV. A. A. LIVERMORE.

This is called a time of the Revival of Religion. Let us see if many temptations are not also quickened into new activity, calling for the caution and prudence of all intelligent and consistent Christians:

1. EXAGGERATION.—There is a temptation to say more than is thought, and profess more than is felt, because it is expected of the convert.

2. CENSORIOUSNESS.—There is a temptation to uncharitableness and judging of our fellow creatures. "Prayers are asked for an ungodly father, who has not been in church for sixteen years."—"Prayer is desired for the conversion of James Buchanan, the President." Who art thou that judgest another man's servant?

The following prayers are said by the Boston *Bee* to be reported verbatim from the exercises at a prayer-meeting in that city:

"O Lord, if this man (Parker) is a subject of grace, convert him and bring him into the kingdom of thy dear Son; but if he is beyond the reach of the saving influence of the Gospel *remove* him out of the way, and let his influence *die with him!*"

"O Lord, send *confusion* and *distraction* into his (Parker's) study *this afternoon*, and *prevent* his finishing his preparation for his labors to-morrow, or if he shall attempt to desecrate thy holy day by attempting to speak to the people, meet him there, O Lord, and confound him so that he shall not be able to speak!"

"Lord, we know that we cannot argue him (Parker) down, and the more we say against him, the more the people flock after him, the more they love and revere him. O Lord, what shall be done for Boston, if thou dost not take some of these matters in hand!"

3. FANATICISM.—There is a temptation to too much excitement of animal feeling, and to the disturbance of reason and the overthrow of the balance of the mind. We have already heard of several cases of derangement, and it will be found that our insane asylums have gathered an unusual number into their walls in the year 1858.

4. SUPERFICIALITY.—There is a temptation to urge people beyond their real

convictions, and to force them into the Church before they have actually undergone any radical change, either of mind or heart.

5. **BOASTING**.—There is a temptation to glory in mere numbers, as if holiness and virtue were to be counted numerically, not weighed. It is telegraphed from city to city how many are converted. The *Chronicle* refers to the case of a distinguished Baptist minister who once, upon being asked why he inserted such a person's name in the list of members, replied, that they lacked one of a thousand baptisms, and put in this person's name to fill up! We fear the old Jesuitism, that the end justifies the means, is not yet dead.

6. **TOO MUCH SEASONING**.—There is a temptation to make so much account and ado about the special services, privileges, and influences of these revivals, as quite to throw the ordinary means of Christian improvement into the back ground.—How stale and commonplace, six months or a year hence, will ordinary prayers and Church-going appear by the side of these glowing and half-delirious rhapsodies!

7. **FALSE THEOLOGY**.—There is a temptation to slight the common Providence and the ever acting Spirit of God by claiming that God is now unusually present, that Jesus is passing by, and that soon the gracious interposition will be withdrawn. So far as revivals cherish these childish and heathenish ideas of a coming and going, a fickle and capricious Deity, they do a great evil, and while they seem to encourage religion for the time being, they lay the foundation of irreligion and coldness for many years to come, when God will be represented as withholding his grace.

8. **PHARISAIISM**.—There is a temptation to call all doubters or opponents to revivals—viz: Roman Catholics, Episcopalians, Old School Presbyterians, Unitarians, or Universalists—as enemies to true religion, when the reason why more or less persons in all these bodies doubt the good of revivals is, because they see that they tend to produce a fitful and intermittent piety, a chills-and-fever Christianity.

9. **WRONG ISSUES**.—There is a temptation to make religion superficial and emotional by such excitements, and to take off the profound and weighty empha-

sis which Jesus Christ ever laid upon the life as the decisive criterion, whether a man really was his disciple or not.

10. **ALLOY**.—There is a temptation by this popular labour-saving machine in morals and piety, to sweep into the Church a vast amount of crude and coarse material, than can add no real strength to it, but which will, under the delusion that it has by a few spasms undergone the process of the great change and experience required, soon take airs upon itself as elect and holy, and warn aside all publicans and sinners in its Pharisaic importance. Machinery cannot save men.

Every great upturning of humanity by revolution or reformation, doubtless carries much good with it. So do these revivals. But we can easily see that they are attended by tremendous and destructive temptations to the purity and sanctity of the holiest religious life, and ought to be handled with as much care as the swords of the cherubim.

THE INSOLVENT.

"I HAVE a matter to mention to you in confidence," said young Mr. Grist to his neighbour Peter Prince, one morning—"You see I have got together a very handsome property, two farms, three or four houses, and with all enough to support me during the remainder of my days in peace and plenty."

"It gives me great pleasure to learn," said the old man, "that my young friend has been so fortunate as, in a few years, to realize what I have been aiming at for forty, and have hardly gained—an independence—and all by honest thrift doubtless."

"Honest, aye, you know I always sustained a clear reputation; but there is one grand point to be gained yet; a finishing stroke to put to the business, and I must have your assistance."

"At your service," said Mr. Prince, "what shall I do for you?"

"My debts—my debts, Peter, they are in the way—I must apply the brush to them, or I shall never be worth a groat. The Insolvent Act you know will fix this matter, and for the present I wish you to take a conveyance of all my property, while I slip through the crucible.

Mr. Prince was a purely honest man, of the old school, but he had lived too long in the modern world to fall into hysterics, at the bare mention of such a proposal. He neither started nor turned pale, nor pricked up his ears. But modestly told Mr. Grist, that he was sorry to hear such a proposition from him; and suggested in the most polite terms his doubts as to the entire correctness of such a course as he had mentioned.

But Grist, however, had been taught in a far less conscientious school. What the last generation would have called swindling or theft, or downright roguery—he had learned to distinguish by the less grating appellations of cunning, shrewdness, and craft. To make away one's property for the purpose of defrauding honest creditors, Ned Grist, like a good many other fashionables, considered rather as an act of superior wisdom, than as a scandalous and degrading crime—and that a man deserved praise for it, instead of deserving a room in the Prison. Acting on this theory himself; having long held it; and seeing moreover numerous instances around him in the world, not only of men acquiring property in this very way, but of men who having thus acquired their fortunes lived in the world honoured, and courted; it was scarcely to be wondered at that he should importune Mr. Prince to assist him—for even these fashionable rogues seldom venture to trust one another.

"And what then," asked Mr. Prince, "will you do with your creditors of the Great Spring factories?"

"They must all have the cut," replied Grist, "I intend to deal with perfect honour and fairness in this business, and it shall never be said that I made fish of one and flesh of another."

"What, then, cut off the widows and orphans, the poor day-labourers, and mechanics, will you have no mercy on them?"

"Mercy!" replied Grist, rather astonished at the singular turn the conversation was taking—"you'll allow, Mr. Prince, that mercy, like charity ought to begin at home, and the step I am about taking is absolutely necessary to preserve my property; I must take care of myself first therefore."

"Excellent reasoning," said Peter, "wait until to-morrow, and I will be ready with an answer."

"It is well," said the young gentleman, rather out of humour that his neighbour should be so scrupulous, "but remember, if you decline the honour, I can easily find a friend who will not."

They parted, and Mr. Prince after giving the case a thorough consideration, took up his determination. The next morning his friend called on him again, and found him willing to undertake the trust; the deeds were regularly made out and acknowledged—and Mr. Prince became the legal owner of all Grist's property.

To complete the game was an easy task. Grist put on a long face, and while he laughed in his sleeve, plead perfect poverty, went on the limits, swore he was not worth five pounds, &c., &c., and came out a new member of society; able, as he boasted, to snap his fingers at the world, as he owed nothing. But the devil sometimes cheats his customers when they little dream of it.

A few weeks after his liberation, Grist called upon the old gentleman to release him from his agency, by making a final settlement of the property in his family. Mr. Prince met him with a grave face, and in answer told him that he could not by any means acknowledge that his neighbour Grist had any interest or right whatever in or to the property in question, because to entertain such an idea would be to charge him directly with committing perjury, when he swore he had no such interest.—And that further, as the property really belonged to other people than Mr. Grist, having been purchased out of their money, he felt it his duty to put the true owners in possession.

Mr. Grist was thunderstruck; and after in vain attempting to persuade himself and Mr. Prince that his new idea was all a joke, he abandoned the ground in utter despair; and after two or three fits of melancholy, turned himself over to labour for a decent livelihood. In the meantime Mr. Prince called the creditors of the insolvent together, and made fair distribution of the whole estate among them.

THE REASON WHY.

How much it must puzzle a stranger to know the reason why the name of christian should be almost universally denied the Unitarian. That in public prayers offered up for Jews, Turks, Infidels, and Atheists; the Unitarian who claims the name of Christian, should be joined to this category in horror and pity, which terrifies the ignorant, weak-minded, and children; and causes us to be regarded with commiseration, indignation, or distrust, as the case may be, which entirely depends on the kind of mind that hears such supplications on our behalf.

Yes, it must greatly perplex a stranger, how this attitude can be assumed towards us, when he learns, that of no name under heaven are we more justly proud than the name of Christ. That we not only believe that God is, and the rewarder of all who diligently seek him: that we feel it our duty to join together for religious worship in the name of Christ, and to sing praises unto the Most High, and to encourage one another unto love and good works: that we have a hope of the resurrection of the dead, to an inheritance incorruptible and undefiled and that fadeth not away: and of Christ we openly profess, what we believe and are sure, that he is the Christ, the Son of the living God, and that God anointed Jesus of Nazareth with the Holy Spirit and with power; and that we believe all the Bible teaches of him, all that the prophets foretold of him, all that the Apostles taught of him, and all that Christ himself enjoins upon his disciples to believe do we accept with confidence and joy. Yet all this avails nothing, we must still be refused the name and fellowship of the Christian, and be branded with the opprobrious stigma of Infidel, and sometimes Atheist.

To every mind untutored in technical divinity, to every person who humbly takes up the Book of God to read and understand for himself, the foregoing facts are very perplexing, and he is ready to ask who then are Christians, and why, if in good faith the Unitarian makes this confession is he not so recognised. Now we will answer the question. We have read the Bible of the Church Universal, the Christian Scriptures. We have also read the Bibles of the Churches Sectarian,

that is, their prayer books, catechisms, confessions, codes of faith and discipline, &c., &c. We do not wonder that what we have stated is so. We can render a reason for the unfriendly attitude the various Christian denominations assume towards us. If it be our duty to be able to render a reason for the hope that is in us, it is no trifling thing to learn to place ourselves in the position of others, for a time, who may view us in the most unfavorable light, and thus we are not the less but the more able to repel error, and spread what is most wanted, a more scriptural faith, and more liberal sentiments, which we think are very much needed in our land, and day, and generation.

It should be distinctly understood, to extend our charity, that the moral conduct of Unitarians is seldom or never impugned, but generally spoken of most approvingly by those who hold us otherwise in abhorrence. May we ever be worthy of this good report. They hate Unitarianism because we reject what they most love; because we are pulling down what they are most anxious to build up. What they call the peculiar doctrines of Christianity, we regard as no doctrines of Christianity whatever, and speak of them as anti-christian or unscriptural. They erect a fabric of immense proportions and costly material, in their system of religion, without foundation. We take to it the besom of destruction and sweep it away as a useless cobweb which we loathe. Much of our work is destructive, and must be while such huge superstitions exist, and this gives us a grim and unhallowed appearance in their eyes.

Every religious denomination has its peculiar tenets, which it pre-eminently sustains as the key-stone of its existence, and the supposed key-stone of the whole Christian system. The Unitarian is compelled to affirm this highly exalted tenet is no part of Christianity at all.

Roman Catholicism comes insisting upon its antiquity and the necessity of blind submission to the authority of popes, cardinals, priests, councils and ordinances. Unitarianism can never look with any veneration on error, and denies that Catholicism is the first faith, or will be the last; goes back to the time of patriarchs and prophets, and also clearly shows that the religion of the primitive Christian

church was Unitarian; and reverences no more the intermediate decisions of cardinals and bishops than the inactions of a great gathering of slaveholders in America.

Church of Englandism comes supplementing the Bible with its Prayer Book and Thirty-nine Articles of Religion, regarding and insisting upon the adoption of the one as much as the other. Unitarianism will not adopt the formularies and faith of the Prayer Book, regards it as a large religious Act of Parliament, made at a period of England's history when Popery and pure religion were mixed together, and the divines of that period have given no proof in the Book of Common Prayer that they were able to winnow all the chaff from the wheat.

Quakerism comes with its peculiar plain but not less costly garb, and its pretensions to grammatical accuracy. With all the respect we have for its Friends, as we have high admiration for the sincere and good of all churches, Unitarianism does not believe in any religious advantage from *thou* and *thee*, and the Quaker dress.

Presbyterianism with its five points of Calvinism may come with its dark scowl and thundering voice about damnation, election and perseverance. It meets in Unitarianism an antagonist clad in Gospel truth, which demonstrates less sympathy with its five points of doctrine, than it has with the mummery and superstition of Popery.

Methodism has learned that Unitarianism prefers open, deliberate conviction in religion to instantaneous conversion; and that our doctrine of Christian perfection extends itself to growth of grace and goodness throughout eternity, and not a sudden jerk from the depths of sin unto the perfection of the saints of God.

Mormonism may rave on about the unspirituality of Unitarianism, for the City of the Latter-day Saints in Utah would have been without a single soul had they been no more successful among other denominations in making converts than among us.

The reason then why we find these several denominations arrayed against us is transparent. We reject their peculiar tenets, we would overthrow the very fundamentals of their existence. We know the penalty of such a course and we unrepiningly bear it. There is a blessedness in suffering for conscience sake.

As yet we have only in part shown the reason why the condemnation of Unitarianism is so universal among the churches. Let us glance at the causes which make it so emphatic and severe. We now would speak of the tenets of religion almost common to all the aforementioned denominations, and every preacher has his peculiar doctrine, to which he has paid most attention, and seems to understand so well, and is considered as the keystone of the Christian system of theology and therefore should have precedence above all others. These preachers are known as men who preach "evangelical religion" and "saving faith." They are men of zeal and warmth and see the importance of sound doctrine and enforce it. One devotes himself zealously to prove the necessity, if the world would be kept from infidelity, of every member of the church believing in "*The Plenary Inspiration of the Scriptures*." This class make a great stir against the "Revision of the Bible," say hard things about those who want to revise, and whisper softly, they want to destroy the Bible. The Unitarian boldly avers the folly of those who believe in the infallibility of a Church and the plenary inspiration of the Bible are very much akin.—Another class of preachers like a Vicar in Kent, defend "*The Doctrine of the Trinity*," and see no harm in the damnatory clauses of the Athanasian Creed. This is truly the corner stone of the whole system and they do well to defend it. How powerless they feel themselves against the attack of Unitarianism, and add in bitterness of reproach what they lack in argument against us.—A still larger class of ministers gather up all their strength to prove that "*Jesus Christ is God*," and they wonder that any man can have the hardihood to deny they have not proved their position, and are amazed that any person can claim to be a Christian who doubts this doctrine.—"*Vicarious sacrifice*" has its most zealous defenders who know not how God ever could save a man who does not adopt their view of the Atonement.—"*Original Sin*" is considered by another class of preachers the point on which the spirit of man should be instructed and the pride of human reason humbled; and that no one can be found in a saving state who will not acknowledge his damnation just because Adam eat the

forbidden fruit. The doctrine of a *Personal and Omnipresent Devil, Eternal Torments*, and other doctrines of a kindred nature have their most sincere and zealous defenders. Unitarianism daringly stands out from all these dear doctrines, says to them one and all, "they are no part of Christian faith, they are corruptions of Christianity, and must be purged out of the Church before she can triumph over the sin and unbelief of the world." And what can be expected, or what quarter can be given to the party who ventures to oppose the whole church in this its most militant attitude, but to be denied the Christian name and branded as Infidel.

We unwaveringly believe it is as much the duty of the Christian Church to oppose error, as to diffuse truth, as much our duty to disallow any Juggernaut car of superstition to go over our bodies or our minds as to join heart and hand with the gospel chariot of truth and light. Every command of the decalogue is "*Thou shalt not.*" The greatness of the three Hebrew children is more manifest in refusing to bow down and worship the golden image, than in their willingness to worship the True and Living God. So all virtue has its *negative* as well as its *positive* duties, and the former are often more difficult to perform than the latter. We have more reason to fear amongst mankind and ourselves a want of manly, persevering firmness in resisting the encroachments of error, rebuking the overbearing of tyranny, and exposing the folly of superstition, than to fear a want of will and power to advance the interests of their opposites in a direct way and form. We must only take heed lest we measure our love of truth by our opposition to error. If our hatred of error and superstition springs from sincere love of truth and true religion, the root is good and the branch is good.

THE STORY OF A LITTLE LIFE.

ONE cold, still, February day a little child was born. They called her Clara, because there was an angel in Heaven who had worn that name, and whom the mother prayed might be the young child's guardian angel. The little one grew daily more lovely in the eyes of all who saw her. She was so gentle and sweet that it

was a great happiness to be near her. She had a rosy mouth, and when she was grieved her lip would quiver so beautifully that it would bring tears to other eyes than hers. Bye-and-by she began to play with little Alice, and when the autumn came she could step cunningly in her tiny red shoes, and even walk across the carpet, if her little sister led her. Then two or three white-teeth shone between the smiling lips, and she learned to call "Mamma" and "Papa." She filled the house with sunshine by her lovely face and wise old-fashioned ways.

The winter and spring passed away like the fabled time of fairy-land. The baby was daily learning something either to say or to do, and the two little sisters played so merrily and slept so quietly together, that their mother would often say there was never another family so blest and happy.

When the warm weather came the family went into the country, and here the little ones were as happy as birds the whole day long.

The quiet summer flew away, and they came back to the noisy town. The mother's heart was heavy with a shadow of coming evil when she turned her back on the pleasant flowery country, where the hours had sung themselves away, full of children's happy voices. There were a few quiet days after their return, when the darling baby could play about her and climb up to kiss her; but one Sabbath morning long before the daybreak, the mother was awakened by a little weak voice calling, "Mamma, mamma." She found her darling standing by her bed with her tender hands and feet of an icy coldness. There was no more sleep in that house for that night. Troubled hearts and tearful eyes watched her; and sleepless nights and anxious days went wearily by. It was heart-breaking to watch by the sufferer. Never had she seemed half so lovely in her life and health as now, when they saw her gently and quietly putting aside, one by one, the toys her sister tried to tempt her with, and the food her mother offered her. She only wished to lie still.

At last, after some weeks, they thought she was a little better. She turned over the leaves of a little picture-book one day while she lay in her mamma's arms, and held her china mug in her weak hands

while she traced the shapes of the painted flowers on it with her delicate finger. She watched Alice about her plays, too, with some interest. But the resting time was of short duration. That night neither she nor her mamma slept. The child lay all night with her face on her mother's bosom.

Once she called "Papa! papa!" but the sweet voice was so changed and full of pain it was agony to hear it, and her mother gently hushed her.

The next day the mother, who could not bear to believe her darling was so much worse, put a little ivory rattle into her weak, tiny hand, which dropped under the weight of the toy to her lap. "Ah!" she said sadly, "my poor baby cannot even lift it." The darling looked up a moment into the sorrowful eyes bent upon her, and then, with apparent effort, she raised it and shook it once, and then it dropped from her feeble grasp—forever! She had done with toys—and with life.

That evening the father came home to a sad and fearful house. All through that night of agony the parents watched together, alternately carrying the dying lamb in their bosoms, without being able to soothe or relieve their distress; and when midnight had passed they put her in grandmother's arms and sat down to wait.

The mother, on her knees beside the dying baby, pressed her own cheek against the little tender one, that had rested for a joyful year and a half upon her bosom, and gave her back, as well as she was able, to God; while the little weak fingers grasped one of her own close and lovingly. There was a little time of quiet, broken only by the laboured breathing; and then she laid her head back on the kind arm that supported her and fell asleep!

Never more will the little blue eyes unclose—never more the little sweet lips be opened—never more the little arms be folded around the mother's neck. What will the poor mother do without her child? Ah, she must go to the gentle Shepherd who holds her lamb in His bosom!

It was on a fair Sabbath day that the baby was laid in a little grave in Greenwood. There are flowers planted above her; and an unseen angel watches over the place, and shall watch until the resurrection, when the dead shall be raised, and shall never die.

HERESY NOT IN ITSELF WRONG.

ST. PAUL was a heretic. He confessed it. "But this I confess unto thee, that after the way which they call heresy, so worship I the God of my fathers, believing all things which are written in the law and in the prophets."—Acts xxiv. 14.

From this we learn,

That it is not a wicked thing to be a heretic after all, provided a man be honest. Paul was what Jesus and the rest of the apostles were. If he was a heretic, they were heretics; and if they were heretics, it is no mortal sin to be a heretic.

Paul did not receive his religion from man. "But I certify you, brethren, that the gospel which was preached of me is not after man; for I neither received it of man, neither was I taught it, but by the revelations of Jesus Christ."—Gal. 1. 11, 12. A religion that comes from heaven, may then, under certain circumstances, be a heresy. If the world is in darkness, truth will be a heresy. This was the case in the days of the apostles. Christians were heretics, and christianity was a heresy.

It is best to be honest and confess our belief. Paul confessed his belief. He knew it was a *heresy*, not in the favour of the world, still he confessed it. "I confess unto thee, that after the way which they call *heresy*, so worship I the God of my fathers." When they accused Paul of being a pestilent fellow, and a mover of sedition, he did not confess it, for he knew it was not true. He declared that they did not find him in the temple raising up the people, neither in the synagogues, nor in the city. "They cannot prove the things whereof they now accuse me." But, said he, I will *confess*, that after the way *they call heresy*, so worship I the God of my fathers.

The only fact which makes any doctrine a heresy, is the fact that it is against the prevalent belief. Men *call it so*, and hence it is so, for this is the only thing that can make it heresy. If a majority of Christendom were to call the opposite doctrine a heresy, that instead of the other would become a heresy. Hence Paul says, "after the way which *they call heresy*, so worship I the God of my fathers."

FIVE HUNDRED SCRIPTURAL ARGUMENTS FOR CHRISTIAN UNITARIANISM.

"I will show thee that which is noted in the Scripture of truth."—Daniel, 10th ch., 21 v.

"For we are not as many, which corrupt the word of God; but as of sincerity, but as of God, in the sight of God speak we of Christ."—2nd Corin. 2nd ch., 17th v.

THE HOLY SPIRIT.

Unitarians are always regarded as not believing in the Holy Ghost; this allegation is completely false; reference in their doctrines and devotions are continually made to the Spirit of God, the Holy Ghost or Holy Spirit. Unitarians do not believe in the doctrine of "three equal persons in the Godhead," such a division of Deity into personal parts is contrary to the clearest teaching of the scriptures.—There are some Unitarians who believe in the distinct personality of the Holy Ghost, as an agency subordinate to God for the accomplishing of his divine purposes and the regeneration of the human race.—The doctrine of the Trinity, and that the Holy Spirit is the *third person* in the Godhead, is altogether a doctrine of inference, and which involves the mind in the most complete confusion, making more than One, eternal omnipotent, omnipresent God. "God is a Spirit," the Holy Spirit, and it is unscriptural to say there is more than One Infinite Spirit. In the following passages the words "Spirit" and "Holy Ghost" are used for God himself.

"For what man knoweth the things of a man, save the spirit of man which is in him" (i.e. except the man himself), "even so the things of God knoweth no man, but the Spirit of God," (i.e. but God himself).—1 Cor. ii, 11.

"Why hath Satan filled thy heart to lie to the Holy Ghost!.....Thou hast not lied unto man but unto God."—Acts v, 3, 4.

"Know ye not that ye are the temple of God, and that the Spirit of God dwelleth in you."—1 Cor. iii, 16.

"By his Spirit he hath garnished the heavens," (i.e. God made the heavens)—Job xxvi, 13.

"The Spirit of God hath made me," (i.e. God me.)—Job xxiii, 4.

Christ said "I cast out devils by the Spirit of God."—Matt. xii, 28. These were miracles, we learn, which God did by him.

"Whither shall I go from thy Spirit, or whether shall I flee from thy presence," (i.e. from thyself.)—Ps. cxxxix, 7.

"My Spirit shall not always strive with man," (i.e. I will not always strive with man)—Gen. vi, 3.

"Holy men of God spake as they were moved by the Holy Ghost," (i.e. by God.)—2 Pet. i, 21.

In reading the scriptures we find that all these works ascribed to the Spirit are also said to be done by the Power, Understanding, Word, Hand, Finger and Breath of God; can any person seriously believe these to be distinct personalities in the Godhead? are they not simply figures for God himself.

We also believe that in the Bible, "the Spirit of

God" frequently signifies *holy influences, strength, comfort, truth, miraculous power, &c., &c.*, which God is said to send, give, pour out, shed forth, baptize with, anoint with, and bless his children. The following passages clearly prove this view; many of the texts affirming this.

"Thou gavest also thy Good Spirit to instruct them."—Neh. xi, 20.

"I will pour out My Spirit upon all flesh; and your sons and your daughters shall prophesy, your old men shall dream dreams, your young men shall see visions."—Joel ii, 28.

"And the Spirit of the Lord shall rest upon him, the Spirit of wisdom and understanding, the Spirit of knowledge and the fear of the Lord."—Isa. xi, 2.

"Would God that all Jehovah's people were prophets, and that Jehovah would put his Spirit upon them (i.e. give them wisdom of speech).—Numb. xi, 29.

"And the Spirit of the Lord came mightily upon him (Samson) and he rent the Lion as he would a Kid," (i.e. God gave him strength.)—Judges xiv, 6.

"The Spirit of the Lord came upon Gideon, and he blew a trumpet; and Abiezer was gathered after him."—Judges vi, 34.

"The Spirit of the Lord is upon me, because he hath anointed me to preach the gospel to the poor; he hath sent me to heal the broken hearted, to preach deliverance to the captives, and the recovering of sight to the blind, to set at liberty them that are bruised."—Luke iv, 18.

"He whom God hath sent speaketh the words of God; for God giveth not the Spirit by measure unto him."—Jn. iii, 34.

"God anointed Jesus of Nazareth with the Holy Spirit and with Power."—Acts x, 38.

"If ye, then, being evil, know how to give good gifts unto your children, how much more shall your heavenly Father give the Holy Spirit to them that ask him."—Luke xi, 13.

"Now we have received, not the spirit of the world, but the Spirit which is of God; that we might know the things that are freely given to us of God."—1 Cor. ii, 12.

"I will pray the Father, and he shall give you another Comforter, that he may abide with you for ever, even the Spirit of Truth."—John xiv, 16.

"When the Comforter is come, whom I will send unto you from the Father, even the Spirit of Truth which proceedeth from the Father."—John xv, 26.

"Howbeit, when he, the Spirit of Truth, is come, he will guide you into all truth."—John xvi, 13.

No one need wonder that the Holy Spirit is spoken of occasionally as a person when they know that *Sin, Death, Charity*, also inanimate things and qualities are often so spoken of.

ACCEPTABLE SACRIFICE.

How deeply rooted the conviction that vicarious suffering, sacrificial blood is required by our heavenly Father. Heathen idolaters believed it, and Christian churches, many of them, have adopted some of these degrading ideas of Deity, which are contrary to the moral sense, reason, and the clearest teaching of Prophets, Apostles, and Jesus Christ. In this section we will produce sufficient evidence to show that God abominates the substitution of Sacrifice, or faith in it, for moral obedience.

"And Samuel said, hath the Lord as great delight in burnt offerings and sacrifices, as in obeying the voice of the Lord? Behold, to obey is better

than sacrifice, and to hearken than the fat of rams."—1 Sam. xv, 22.

"For all those things hath mine hand made, and all those things have been, saith the Lord: but to this man will I look, even to him that is poor and of a contrite spirit, and trembleth at my word. He that killeth an ox as if he slew a man; he that sacrificeth a lamb, as if he cut off a dog's neck; he that offereth an oblation, as if he offered swine's blood; he that burneth incense, as if he blessed an idol. Yea, they have chosen their own ways, and their soul delighteth in their abominations."—Isa. lxvi, 2, 3.

"For I desired mercy, and not sacrifice; and the knowledge of God more than burnt offerings."—Hosea vi, 6.

"Wherefore when he cometh into the world, he saith, sacrifice and offering thou wouldst not, but a body hast thou prepared me: In burnt offerings and sacrifices for sin thou hast had no pleasure."—Heb. x, 5, 6.

"Offer the sacrifices of righteousness and put your trust in the Lord."—Ps. iv, 5.

"To do justice and judgment is more acceptable to the Lord than sacrifice."—Prov. xxi, 3.

"Above when he said, sacrifice and offering, and burnt offerings, and offering for sin thou wouldst not, neither hast pleasure therein; which are offered by the law."—Heb. x, 8.

"I beseech you therefore, brethren, by the mercies of God, that ye present your bodies a living sacrifice, holy, acceptable unto God, which is your reasonable service."—Rom. xii, 1.

"Thus saith the Lord of Hosts, the God of Israel: Put your burnt offerings into your sacrifices, and eat flesh, for I spake not unto your fathers, nor commanded them in the day that I brought them out of the land of Egypt, concerning burnt offerings or sacrifices: But this thing commanded I them, saying, obey my voice, and I will be your God, and ye shall be my people: and walk ye in all the ways that I have commanded you, that it may be well unto you."—Jer. vii, 21, 23.

"For thou desirest not sacrifice: else would I give it: thou delightest not in burnt offering. The sacrifices of God are a broken spirit: a broken and a contrite heart, O God, thou wilt not despise."—Ps. li, 16, 17.

"And to love God with all the heart, and with all the understanding, and with all the soul, and with all the strength, and to love his neighbour as himself, is more than all burnt offerings and sacrifices. And when Jesus saw that he answered discreetly, he said unto him, thou art not far from the kingdom of God."—Mark xii, 33.

"To do good and to communicate forget not; for with such sacrifices God is well pleased."—Heb. xiii, 16.

"To what purpose is the multitude of your sacrifices unto me? Saith the Lord: I am full of the burnt offerings of rams, and the fat of fed beasts; and I delight not in the blood of bullocks, or of lambs, or of he-goats. When ye come to appear before me, who hath required this at your hand, to tread my courts."—Isa. i, 11, 12.

"But go ye and learn what that meaneth, I will have mercy, and not sacrifice: for I am not come to call the righteous but sinners to repentance."—Matt. ix, 13.

"Wherewith shall I come before the Lord, and bow myself before the high God, shall I come before him with burnt offerings, with calves of a year old; will the Lord be pleased with thousands of rams, or with ten thousands of rivers of oil; shall I give my first born for my transgression, the fruit of my body for the sin of my soul? He hath shewed thee, O man, what is good; and what doth the Lord require of thee, but to do justly, and to love mercy, and to walk humbly with thy God."—Micah, vi, 6, 8.

SOCIAL CIRCLE.

MY GIRL.

R. M. MCCLURE.

Playing, playing round me, playing,
By the fireside warm and bright,
Is a little rosy cherub.

Oh! she is a gem of light,
Rolling o'er the carpet there,
Pulling at the rocking-chair,
Running, running everywhere.

Now she's in the room, now out,
Now she's sitting by the stand;
Now she's scolding Pont about,
Now she pats him with her hand.
Thus she goes around the room,
Now she's got the poker—broom—
Now she's crying—now she talks—
Now she's running—now she walks.

Now she falls—anon she's up,
Going, going all the time:
Never knowing when to stop—
Now she's singing some old rhyme.
Thus, from early morn till night,
Rumps this little cherub bright—
Gem of hope! with golden hair,
All around me everywhere.

She is only three years old,
Only three years old to-day;
Does she think of after time?
When black hair will turn to gray!
Ah, she never thinks not she,
Of the days that are to be;
Of the hopes, and cares, and fears,
Days of toiling, joy, and tears.

Little angel, mayst thou ever
Be so joyous as thou art;
Taste life's bitter cup, oh, never!
Or be doomed a broken heart.
May thy hours be sunny hours,
May thy path be strewn with flowers,
And when death steals out thy spirit,
Go, bright mansions to inherit.

THE DUTIES OF A MOTHER.

By the quiet fireside of home, the true mother in the midst of her children is sowing, as in the vases of earth the seeds or plants that shall sometime give to Heaven the fragrance of their blossoms, and whose fruit shall be as a rosary of angelic deeds, the noblest offering that she can make through the ever ascending and expanding souls of her children to her Maker. Every word that she utters goes from heart to heart with a power of which she little dreams. Philosophers tell us in their speculations that we cannot lift a little finger without moving the distant spheres. Solemn is the thought, but not more solemn to the Christian mother than the thought that every word that falls from her lips—every expression of her countenance, even in the sheltered walks and retirement, may leave an indelible impression upon the young souls around her, and form as it were the underlying strain of that education which peoples Heaven with celestial beings, and gives to the white brow of the angel next to the grace of God its crown of glory.

WAYSIDE GATHERINGS.

The two oldest and the two youngest churches of Boston, America, are Unitarian. The Unitarian churches in that city number twenty-four.

A Wesleyan Revivalist minister at Sunderland, told two acquaintances of ours, whom he was endeavouring to terrify, that two females had been carried out of a chapel dead, for telling him lies. He did not say where.

A copy of excellent Anglo-Saxon Poems, "Legends of Alfred the Great," have been kindly sent to us, written by one of the Unitarian Sunday School Teachers, at Coventry. The price is 6d. They may be had of A. Lewin, Printer, Coventry.

GOOD NEWS.—An American lady lately visited the distinguished German author and theologian, Bunsen, who told her that he believed the influence of Dr. Channing's works was greater at this time in France and Germany than that of any other man, either living or dead.

Professor Buchanan, of America, affirms, in the first volume of the *Journal of Man*, as the result of actual inquiries into the condition of persons confined in Insane Hospitals and Retreats, that more lunatics have been made through the influence of religious excitement in this land, than even from intemperance, that terrible scourge of our country, and of our race. But does pure Christianity really make men and women mad?

DR. JOHNSON'S PLAN OF SUNDAY LIFE.—1. To rise early; and in order to do it, to go to sleep early on Saturday. 2. To use some extraordinary devotion in the morning. 3. To examine the tenor of my life, particularly the last week; and mark my advances in religion, or recession from it. 4. To read the Scriptures methodically with such helps as are at hand. 5. To go to Church twice. 6. To read books of Divinity either speculative or practical. 7. To instruct my family. 8. To wear off by meditation, any worldly soil contracted in the week.

When the Universalists first started their preachings at Newburyport, they found, as in many other instances in New England, plenty of opposition from the bigoted ones. They, however, grew apace, in spite of their enemies, and soon had a meeting house erected, with the figure of an angel blowing the trumpet for a vane. An old lady, a devout Presbyterian, who had ever looked with holy horror on all movements of the new sect, as soon as she espied the vane upon the spire of the new church, exclaimed: "Wall, if that 'ere arn't jest like 'em; they're a dreadful set. Only look.—They've got a man on top o' their steeple drinking out of a bottle! It's jest like 'em."—*Boston Post*.

HALLEY AND SIR ISAAC NEWTON.—Halley the great mathematician dabbled not a little in infidelity; he was rather too fond of introducing the subject, and once when he had descended somewhat freely on it, in the presence of his friend Sir I. Newton, the latter cut him short with this observation, "I always attend to you, Dr. Halley, with the greatest deference when you do us the honour to converse on astronomy or the mathematics, because these are subjects which you have industriously investigated, and which you well understand; but Religion is a subject on which I always hear you with pain, because it is one which you have not seriously examined, and therefore do not comprehend; you despise it because you have not studied it, and you will not study it because you despise it."

In the Revivalist Meetings of America a specified time is allowed for each person to pray, as soon as that time is expired the shout is given "Time's up." Dr. A. Clarke, we recollect, complained to an old pious friend of his who had kept him forty-five minutes on his knees during prayer; yet we think the Doctor would scarcely have consented to the business way they manage this matter in America.

DR. CUMMING.—We are glad to notify the good services rendered to Christian Unitarianism, by the peregrinations of Dr. Cumming, throughout Great Britain and Ireland. We hope his life and strength may be long spared, so that he may visit every town where there is a Unitarian Church, and that his reflections on Unitarianism may be met by the defenders of our faith with the same spirit, power, and success, as the Revds. J. S. Porter, E. Kell, and R. E. B. Maclellan, and the Unitarians everywhere, will have occasion to thank God for Dr. Cumming's visit.

HABIT—"I trust everything, under God," said Lord Brougham, "to habit, upon which in all ages, the law-giver as well as the school-master has mainly placed his reliance; habit which makes everything easy, and casts all difficulties upon a deviation from a wonted course. Make sobriety a habit, and intemperance will be hateful. Make prudence a habit and reckless profligacy will be as contrary to the child grown or adult, as the most atrocious crimes to any of your Lordships. Give a child the habit of sacredly regarding the truth; of carefully respecting the property of others; of scrupulously abstaining from all acts of improvidence which involve him in distress, and he will be just as likely to think of rushing into an element in which he cannot breathe, as of lying, or cheating, or stealing."

A NEW SET OF IMPOSTORS.—The *Patriot* says that a Mr. Thomas Angel has speculated upon the ignorance and credulity of some of his countrymen by promulgating a novel principle. This was done in a pamphlet entitled "An Account of the Wonderful Sect of Angelites or Human Nature Conquerors, who live without food, and who meet daily, morning and evenings, in Sunderland-street, Liverpool, to illustrate their doctrines and to enrol members, by signing a declaration that they will neither eat nor drink; including a report of their sermons and the manner they adopt to overcome languidness and the total want of food; also, the eminent physician Dr. Bickersteth's certificate of the excellent health of the members of this extraordinary society, with their apology for eating no food." "We scorn the butcher's door," says a hymn of the new sect.

STRONG AGAINST CALVINISM.—The following is from the pen of the Editor of the *Western Christian Advocate*, a Methodist journal:—"It makes God the most inexorable and mighty tyrant of which the mind of man can form any possible conception. That the devil has no very friendly designs toward mankind, we may well infer. But, put his Satanic majesty and all his angels at work to do their worst, and they cannot make and damn eternally one solitary human being. Yet the God of the Bible is represented as not only having the power, but as delighting to have that power in the formation of countless multitudes of our race, for no other purpose but to make them inevitably miserable forever, and that, too, for the 'good pleasure of his will.' But, if this be Gospel truth, is not our heavenly Father more to be dreaded than Belzezebub himself, by a large part of our race?"

DIAMOND DUST.

Prove all things, hold fast that which is good.
Never cross a bridge before you come to it.

We more than double our sorrows by anticipating them.

Advice is like snow; the softer it falls, and the longer it dwells upon, the deeper it sinks into the mind.

Time is a ship which never anchors, while I am aboard I had better do those things that may advantage my landing, than practise such as shall cause my commitment when I come to the shore.

We live in deeds, not years; in thoughts not breaths; in feelings, not in figures of a dial. We should count time by heart-throbs. He most lives, who thinks most, feels the noblest, and acts the best.

Truth and Love are two of the most powerful things in the world; and when they both go together, they cannot easily be withstood. The golden beams of truth and the silken cords of love, twisted together, will draw men on with a sweet violence, whether they will or no.

It is a fine remark of Rousseau's, that the best of us differ from others in fewer particulars than we agree with them in. The difference between a tall and a short man is only a few inches, whereas they are both several feet high. So a wise or learned man knows many things, of which the vulgar are ignorant; but there is a still greater number of things, the knowledge of which they share in common with him.

TEMPORAL BLESSINGS.—Wish for them cautiously—ask for them submissively—want them contentedly—obtain them honestly—accept them humbly—manage them prudently—employ them lawfully—impart them liberally—esteem them moderately—increase them virtuously—use them subversively—forego them easily—resign them willingly.

PEACE OF MIND.—Quiet of mind and ease within is a great blessing, upon which the comfort of life depends. Nothing, without this, can make one's life happy. The spirit brought down to the lot, makes and maintains this inward tranquility. Our whole trouble in our lot in the world ariseth from the disagreement of our mind therewith. Let the mind be brought to the lot, and the whole tumult is instantly hushed.

CHARITY.—While we are coldly discussing a man's career, sneering at his mistakes, blaming his rashness, and labelling his opinions,—"he is Evangelical and narrow," or Latitudinarian and Pantheistic," or "Anglican and supercilious,"—that man, in his solitude, is perhaps shedding hot tears because his sacrifice is a hard one, because strength and patience are failing him to speak the difficult word and do the difficult deed.

KEEP IN GOOD HUMOUR.—It is not great calamities that embitter existence; it is the petty vexations; the small jealousies, the little disappointments, the minor miseries, that make the heart heavy and the temper sour. Don't let them. Anger is a pure waste of vitality; it is always foolish, and always disgraceful, except in some very rare cases, when it is kindled by seeing wrong done to another; and even that noble rage seldom mends the matter. Keep in good humour.

The sandal tree perfumes when riven,

The axe that laid it low;

So man who hopes to be forgiven,

Should bless, not curse his foe.

JESUS THE INTERCESSOR.

REV. H. WARE.

This, to one who is persuaded of its truth, cannot be slight. If we know that some valued friend, whose heart is one with us, and who earnestly desires our good, makes it one of the offices of his devotion to mention us affectionately before God and implore his benediction upon us; who of us can fail to be touched by such an act of friendship? who would not be led to strive that he might be worthy of the prayers thus presented, and not forfeit the blessings thus implored? The great Apostle to the Gentiles frequently reminds his brethren, that always in all his prayers, he makes mention of them before God. How likely was this to impress them with an affectionate and holy awe! How solicitous must it have rendered them to reward his kindness, and not to provoke the displeasure of that gracious Being to whom they were commended! And who can doubt, that, in all succeeding ages of the church, multitudes of souls have been impressed and won by the reflection, that their minister remembered them daily and nightly, in his prayers; that when thoughtless of themselves, he had not ceased to be concerned for them; and that his friendly intercessions for them, if despised and neglected on their part, would rise up to their shame and condemnation at last? How often also, has the minister, amid the toils and anxieties, the trials and disappointments attendant on his labours, been comforted by the assurance, that the faithful of his flock are bearing him up in their prayers at the mercy seat; that, in sympathy and love, they implore for him that aid and guidance, which only can support and cheer! This assurance is balm to his spirit. It gives him animation and confidence, and makes his heavy burdens light. If then Christians would but believe, that he, who is more than a friend, more than a pastor—the author and finisher of the faith which gives them life—"who died for them, and rose again, and is seated at the right hand of God," who will come again to judgment in the clouds of heaven, and from whose own voice they hope to receive a welcome to the joys of their Lord, that he "makes intercession for them;" how powerfully might it operate to inspire their devotion, to excite their zeal, to quicken their improvement, to console them in trouble, to encourage them when doubtful and desponding!

Let us seek to secure to ourselves this good influence. When we raise our desires to Him, from whom cometh our help, it may warm and animate us to remember, "that we have an advocate with the Father, Jesus Christ the righteous." Offered through him, as the appointed way to the Father, our prayers cannot be frustrated nor lost. The same thought may help to make us watchful, if we have a habitual persuasion that our virtue and salvation are anxiously desired by our Lord, we cannot fail to be more anxious for them ourselves, and to watch for them more diligently.

We may find this persuasion of particular worth to us in times of temptation, sorrow and spiritual despondency. When we deeply feel our weakness and insufficiency, when the world is dark, and our hearts are gloomy, and peace seems departed; then we may find in this doctrine a soothing and strengthening power. We lean upon the compassion of one, who "was in all points tempted as we are," and was "made perfect through suffering." We feel secure of sympathy with him, who suffered for us in his humiliation, and does not forget us now that he is exalted; and while we meditate and pray, the cloud is gradually removed, and we are restored to the brightness and calmness of spiritual peace.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF SPORT.

BY CHARLES MACKAY.

BEAR lightly on their foreheads, Time!
 Strew roses on their way,
 The young in heart, however old,
 That prize the present day,
 And, wiser than the pompous proud,
 Are wise enough to play.

I love to see a man forget
 His blood is growing cold,
 And leap, or swim, or gather flowers,
 Oblivious of his gold;
 And mix with children in their sports,
 Nor think that he is old.

I love to see the man of care
 Take pleasure in a toy;
 I love to see him row or ride,
 And tread the grass with joy,
 Or hunt the flying cricket ball
 As lusty as a boy.

All sports that spare the humblest pain,
 That neither maim nor kill,
 That lead us to the quiet field,
 Or to the wholesome hill,
 Are duties which the pure of heart
 Religiously fulfil.

Though some may laugh that full grown men
 May frolic in the wood,
 Like children let adrift from school,
 Not mine the scornful mood;
 I honour human happiness,
 And deem it gratitude.

The road of life is hard enough,
 Bestrewn with slag and thorn;
 I would not mock the simplest joy
 That made it less forlorn;
 But fill its evening path with flowers
 As fresh as those of morn.

'Tis something when the moon has passed
 To brave the touch of Time,
 And say, "Good friend, thou harm'st me not,
 My soul is in its prime—
 Thou canst not chill my warmth of heart,
 I carol while I climb."

Give us but health and peace of mind,
 Whate'er our clime or clan,
 We'll take delight in simple things,
 Nor deem that sports unman;
 And let the proud, who fly no kites,
 Despise us if they can.

"LET WHOSOEVER."

LET whosoever will inquire
 Of Spirit or of Seer,
 To shape unto the heart's desire
 The new life's vision clear.

My God! I rather look to thee
 Than to these fancies fond,
 And wait till thou reveal to me
 That fair and far Beyond!

I seek not of thine Eden-land
 The forms and hues to know;
 What trees in mystic order stand,
 What strange, sweet waters flow.

What duties fill the heavenly day,
 Or converse glad and kind;
 Or how along each shining way
 The bright possessions wind.

Oh! joy to hear with some new-born
 The angels' greeting strains!
 And sweet to see the first fair morn
 Gild the celestial plains!

But sweeter far to trust in thee
 While all is yet unknown,
 And through the death-dark cheerily
 To walk with thee alone!

In thee my powers, my treasures live,
 To thee my life must tend;
 Giving thyself, thou all dost give,
 O soul-sufficing Friend!

And wherefore should I seek above
 The city in the sky?
 Since firm in faith and deep in love
 Its broad foundations lie!

Since in the life of peace and prayer,
 Nor known on earth, nor praised;
 By humblest toil, by ceaseless care,
 Its holy towers are raised.

Where pain the soul hath purified,
 And penitence hath shriven,
 And truth is crowned and glorified,
 There—only there—is Heaven!